

VOICE OF THE RESIDENTS

VOL. XXVIII, No. 1

BROADMEAD, COCKEYSVILLE, MD.

September 2006

ON STEPPING DOWN AS BRA PRESIDENT

By Bill Mottley

In thanking the members of the Executive Committee and our Standing Committees, without



whose excellent support my tenure as president could not have run as smoothly, I would be remiss not extending my gratitude to the myriad other activities that run year after year without tenure, such as the

beautiful flower arrangements we see throughout the Center, the ongoing topnotch musical presentations on Sunday afternoons, the talented group of menders and alteration experts that keep our residents "together" in more ways than one, our hospitality group that welcomes our new residents and makes sure all questions are answered, the bevy of residents who keep our country store running year after year without a hitch, an expert team of woodshop workers to repair our idiosyncratic array of household items, and for those who unselfishly give of their time and expertise to run our writers group, library, audio visual, our art classes, exercise classes, opera evenings, Saturday night programs, Open Forums, etc. etc. etc. with apologies for any unintended omissions.

The specialness of Broadmead speaks for itself. The many different talents and professions and interests we have in our midst happily belong to those very generous in sharing their avenues of expertise. And we are all recipients of Broadmead's spirit of volunteering.

That is the big message conveyed to me as your president for the last two years and I've been buoyed by your spirit. I thank you for the great ride!

SECOND TIME AROUND

By Jane Earhart

As we know, it takes time to settle after arriving at Broadmead. I came to Broadmead in June 1997. I did my best to learn Residents names, how to get from my apartment to the Center and what to do with the overkill of furniture which I brought with me. However, once I was oriented, being a curious person (some may say nosey), I found out what the Broadmead Residents Association was all about. When asked the next year to serve as Second Vice



President I accepted. The term was from July 1998 to June 2000. My next adventure was to become BRA President for the fiscal years 2000-2002. Now, as of July 2006, I am the BRA President for the second time around.

Throughout these terms, I have been blessed with the very able help of our Executive Committee and the BRA Board of Directors. They have provided the time, effort and intelligence to keep our BRA Community on sound ground, and to keep it comfortable in sharing and exchanging Residents' ideas and suggestions with Administration and Trustees.

The Residents Association has a yearly budget to support forty-five or more activities. These activities are financed by the revenue from Barn Sales, Sew & So, the Woodshop and our Country Store. In this way Community Members show their interest and fellowship.

VOICE of the RESIDENTS

Volume XXVIII, No. 1

September 2006

Published September through June by
The Broadmead Residents Association
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MOVING AROUND
BROADMEAD

	<u>From</u>	<u>To</u>
Dick Hutzler	F-6	B-18
Ruth Schreter	Q-3	HH-214
Steve Simon	SR-101	TH-315

**MTA SENIOR CARDS
AT BROADMEAD****September 20th, 10:00 -11:30a.m.****CONSERVATION**

When you turn on a water faucet, remember this: of all the water in the world only 2.5% is fresh water; the rest is salty. Seventy five percent of the fresh water is in the form of ice. Much of the melting ice runs into the salty sea. What is left for our use is limited and diminishing, so use it wisely. Don't let it run while you brush your teeth or any other time unless it is necessary. While we are not likely to run short, our grandchildren may not be so lucky.

The Maryland Transit Administration will take pictures and give out senior cards at Broadmead at the above date and time.

The cards can be used for light rail, buses and Metro subway.

If you can't make it at Broadmead, you can go earlier to the Cockeysville Senior Center on September 7th between 10 and 11:30a.m.

Please check your cards for renewal date!

NEWLY ARRIVED
RESIDENTS

Richard & Frances Alden	J-6	410-329-9899
Marjorie Gerwig	SR-306	410-527-1313
John Littlefield	P-6	410-785-1987
Malcolm Sherman	K-12	410-746-5150
John Stephens	R-6	410-785-1894
Ruth Sutherland	SR-302	410-785-0689
Mary Frances Wagley	K-6	410-527-9899
Julie Wang	A-9	410-321-4555
Laura Waschler	J-1	410-785-2574
Mary Waterbury	R-15	410-785-6061

IN MEMORIAM**Dorothy C. Sartorius**

January 17, 1915

June 5, 2006

Margaret T. Korsak

March 28, 1921

July 14, 2006

Louise M. Epstein

August 30, 1926

July 20, 2006

John A. Boynton

February 22, 1915

August 3, 2006

Winifred P. Jones

May 14, 1910

August 10, 2006

Jane M. Baird

March 18, 1908

August 12, 2006

JEAN MATTHEWS- HORSEWOMAN

*By Fran Beasley
Photos from Jean's collection*

Jean Matthews is a remarkable woman. She and Don have a horse farm at Sparks; she manages that. They have an apartment at Broadmead; she manages that. They have a place in Arizona - "Calling it a ranch would be too pretentious," she says, "but besides the house there is a sizable horse barn."; she manages that. And, as you would imagine, she is a skilled horsewoman.

Her passion for four legged friends started in Wye Mills when she was 6 years old. She and ten cousins spent summers on the Eastern Shore on their grandparents' farm, where they had horses. But Jean fell in love with a Chincoteague pony, which she rode bareback at great speed.

Winters were spent at her home in Towson. When Jean was 15 her family moved to Maryland Line, a place which welcomed horses. There she received her second mount, a lovely "Black Beauty".

Again, we're skipping time until she and Don moved to a farm in Sparks. They've since added many horses, mostly thoroughbreds on which Jean enjoyed three-phase "eventing". It consists of stadium jumping, cross country and dressage, all on the same horse and in a single day.

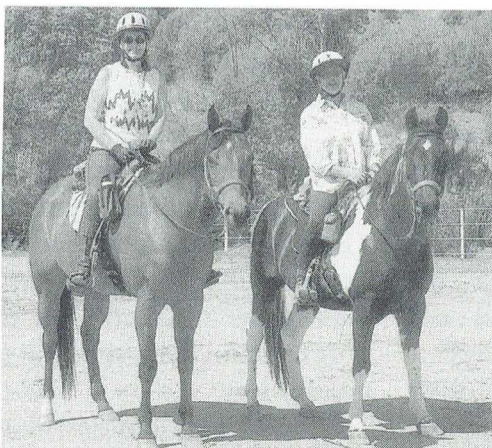
On a business trip to Arizona they spied an ad in a tennis magazine promoting both tennis (Don's sport) and horseback riding on a ranch in Wickenburg. Their subsequent stay there was such a success that they later bought a place of their own in the area. Now winters are at Wickenburg and summers are in Maryland.

The Wickenburg area hosts a unique ladies riding group called "Las Damas". For 20 years *La Dama* Jean has been riding with this group. The

women come from all walks of life, - as Jean says, "debs, doctors, local meat cutters... and from all parts of the country." The club members go on monthly trail rides and desert luncheon jaunts, and each year they have a five-day trail ride and encampment.

After the five-day ride come cocktails, dinner, and stories around the campfire. The women ride each day in groups of about twenty, each group with a leader, and they return each evening to the base camp at the "ranch of the year". *Las Damas* is limited to eighty members, but on the ride there may be as many as 110 including guests - Jean's daughter, Lyn, among them.

These "cowgirls" don't exactly rough it. A chef and his crew set up a huge tent. Wranglers bring "rent-a-horse" supplements to augment the owners' horses, and they also tack up the horses each morning and care for them after the rides each evening. There are



wash tents, showers with hot and cold running water, and PortaPotties. Many of the riders come in motor homes or elegant horse trailers sporting sleeping quarters.

On the ride, one can earn a "Sod Buster Pin" - for being bucked off one's horse. One Alabama woman with a deep drawl earned hers this year; her group of horses invaded a bee colony and pandemonium broke out! Horses went in all directions and our Alabama woman got bucked off. Her horse got stung; she did not! It made a marvelous story as she told it around the campfire that night. Jean says, "Laughs are plentiful and in great spirit."

The men, not to be left out of the fun, have a ride of their own called "The Desert Caballeros". But that's another story.

As you read this, Don and Jean are both at Broadmead - Jean presumably resting up for another winter on the trail.

THE CAT WHO SAVED THE UNION

By Eli Freedman

My name is Moses Carpenter, but most people refer to me as Ol' Man Mose. I was born a slave in Northern Virginia, I don't know when, maybe 1800 or thereabouts. I doubt if anyone ever knew who my father was. I have only a vague memory of my mother. I guess she was sold elsewhere while I was still young.

My good fortune was that when I was about twenty or thereabouts, I was purchased by a good man, a Quaker. He brought me here to Washington, D.C. and then freed me. Also he found me a job so I could support myself. I had been called nothing but Moses or Mose up to that time, but this good man insisted that I have a last name, too. Most former slaves in such a situation picked the names of their former masters, but I was determined to have nothing to do with him. I picked "Carpenter" because I had some experience in woodworking. That was fine but I could not find work as a carpenter—those jobs were reserved for whites. I was reduced to doing manual labor for a long time. Eventually I got too old for that. Then I was lucky enough to get a job here in the White House as a janitor. I started to work two months after Mr. Lincoln moved in.

Sometime after that, I read some of Mr. Lincoln's speeches. That's how I found out that he thought that black men were mentally inferior to whites. Still later I found out that he thought that if the slaves were all freed, they should be put on boats and sent back to Africa. I have to say, however, that he treated me alright. Some times we would pass each other in the hall and he would look at me and say, "Good morning, Mose," or something like that. Another good thing about Mr. Lincoln was that he liked cats. Sometimes there were as many as four of them loose in the White House, and a lot of cleaning up after them was needed. That was one of my jobs of course. His favorite cat was Dixie.

Most of the people who lived in the White House just ignored me, except when there were errands to be run. The only person who treated me badly was a white servant named Sam Harper. He looked like an old man, and always walked around sort of hunched over. But I suspected that he wasn't as old as he appeared, and was putting on an act.

Later I found out that I was right.

The funny thing was, Sam wasn't much more than a janitor himself, but he put on airs and made like a boss. He was always ordering me around. "Nigger, do this," or, "Nigger, do that." And nothing I did ever suited him. He always found fault.

Being white, Sam was allowed in places where I wasn't. This was especially true of the Cabinet room where Mr. Lincoln would meet several times a week with his advisers. Some of them would jot down notes, and one of Sam's jobs was to collect all scraps of paper and burn them.

One advantage of being black is that white people seldom notice us. We're just like a piece of furniture. One day I took advantage of this to spy on Sam. He did a good job of collecting every piece of paper, no matter how small, including those in the wastepaper basket. But to my surprise, he did not burn them. Instead he put them into a paper sack and walked out the door. When I thought it was safe, I followed him into downtown Washington. He went to a boarding house at 541 H Street. When he came out he did not have the paper sack with him.

While I was standing across the street, a young Negro in a messenger's uniform came by. I stopped him and asked him what house that was across the street. "Why, that's Mrs. Surratt's boarding house, Grandpa," he answered.

What to do? I had an idea. I went walking towards an area of Washington where there are some wild gardens. Of course I should have been back at work, but that's another advantage of being black. All white people think we are lazy and shiftless, so not much attention would be paid if I wasn't at work. I soon found what I was looking for, and then went back to the White House.

Early in the morning of the day when the next Cabinet meeting was scheduled, I snuck into the Cabinet room. I might have gotten into trouble if someone had seen me, but I was lucky—no one did. I put a few small pieces of paper I had prepared into the waste basket and left.

After the meeting, Sam Harper went into the Cabinet room and collected all the paper in the waste basket. I was just around the corner in the hall outside the room. I was holding Dixie in my arms. Just before Sam came up to us, I put Dixie on a nearby mantel and walked away. As I hoped, when Sam passed Dixie she jumped from the mantel into the paper sack he was holding in his left hand. He let

out a yelp and tried to snatch it away from her, but she was persistent. He pushed her with his right hand. That angered her and she bit his hand. He screamed and hit her which made her screech. All this ruckus attracted a crowd, which included Major Pendleton.

I went up to him and said, "Major Pendleton, sir. You ought to look in that sack that Mr. Sam is holding." Major Pendleton gave me a puzzled look, but thank heavens he did look into that sack. No sooner had he opened it than Sam Harper lit out for the front door at a gallop. Major Pendleton blew a long blast on his whistle, and the two policemen who were standing guard at the door collared Sam.

I found out later that included in the papers in that sack was some secret intelligence that showed that the Union Army knew all about General Lee's plans for invading the North through Maryland and central Pennsylvania. That led to the big battle at Gettysburg the next month which the Union Army won, and that marked the beginning of the end for the Confederacy. Who knows? If Sam Harper had been able to deliver those papers to a spy in Mrs. Surratt's boarding house, Lee might have changed his plans, and then what might have happened?

I sure hoped that Sam Harper would tell all about Mrs. Surratt's boarding house, but he was shot as a spy early the next morning without saying anything important.

And I never said anything about my part. When I went looking for gardens the morning that I had followed Sam, I found some wild catnip in one of them. I collected some leaves and boiled them down to a syrup. Then I soaked scraps of paper in this syrup, and those were the ones I placed in the waste basket in the Cabinet room. Dixie loved catnip and went wild trying to get her paws on those papers, which is what aroused Major Pendleton's attention. As it was, all the credit for revealing Sam went to Dixie, who was hailed as the cat who saved the Union.

When Major Pendleton was going through those papers he stopped and sniffed one or two of them. Then he looked at me, smiled, and gave me a big wink. That should have been my chance to tell him about Mrs. Surratt's boarding house, but I waited too long and the chance was gone. You could say that the cat got my tongue.

That was June of 1863. As we all know to our sorrow, Mr. Lincoln was shot in April, 1865, al-

most two years later. I have no idea when the evil people who plotted that terrible deed started meeting in Mrs. Surratt's boarding house. I have wondered many times since whether I could have saved Mr. Lincoln's life by speaking up. I have spent hours and hours on my knees asking the good Lord for an answer, but He too has kept his silence.

THE END

AUTHOR'S AFTER WORD

Moses Carpenter, Sam Harper, and Major Pendleton are fictitious characters. Mr. Lincoln, Dixie, and Mrs. Surratt are not. Mrs. Surratt operated a boardinghouse at 541 H Street. She was hanged on 7 July 1865 as one of the co-conspirators who plotted Lincoln's assassination. Historians have argued ever since about her guilt.

TO BILL MOTTLEY

By Gretel Weiss

**Tonight we are sad and much upset,
We are losing the best man we have
ever met.**

**BRA has set up rules so tough,
That we have to give up the man
we love.**

**When hard issues arose to disturb
us all,**

**Bill solved them as if they
were nothing at all.**

**Never losing his temper,
not to offend,**

Bill led us all with a gentle hand.

**What will he do without
BRA's constant call?**

Will he find anything to do at all?

**To help him see there's life
after BRA,**

**We have a present to tell him
the time and the day,**

**When to play bridge,
when to sit on the porch,**

**When to take Teri for lunch
or to do nothing at all.**

Good luck, Bill, and many thanks!

We'll miss you!

Note: This poem accompanied a gift of a small clock.

Our Portuguese Trip June 20-28, 2006 and a Salute to Our Two Daughters

By Anne Allen Dandy

The Hopkins alumni trip to Portugal had been planned a few months in advance and before I had been diagnosed with polymyalgia rheumatica. During the weeks of my suffering, Walter's peripheral neuropathy pain exacerbated. Carol, our 56-year-old daughter who teaches gifted and talented students in Austin, Texas, and nurse Nancy, who manages her husband's sleep apnea clinic in Grand Junction, Colorado decided to join our tour and assist us.

Our Hotel Tivoli was located in the high hills of Sintra near the coast. Each day a field trip was planned. When free time was allotted, Walter and I struggled across uneven cobblestones, while holding each other up. Carol and Nancy climbed up to visit the castles at the mountaintop and take in the magnificent views. Their treks took about 1 1/2 hours. Others in our group of 30 rode the bus. At the Cabo de Roca, the western most point of the Iberia peninsula and continental Europe, we each needed the support of a daughter's strong arms as the wind blew from the western Atlantic.

A leg-up on to the horse drawn carriage was provided by Carol and Nancy. There were constant admonitions, "watch the step, move a little faster, the leader is far ahead". When our tour guide announced, "there are 69 steps coming up" we got the message and did not follow. "Hands on discovery" was an activity in which we could participate. We created our hand-painted tiles. Carol drew most of mine. Walter was original, showing the sun with a smiling face, the moon, and his name.

At Fatima Shrine, we witnessed many hundreds of people crawling along on their knees across rough cement toward the monastery. They apparently hope for cure and/or atonement.

Each day we heard lectures regarding the exploits of the early Portuguese empire with emphasis on maritime voyages, conquests and trade with Brazil, Angola and India. Trade in spices, gold, slaves and diamonds was the incentive.

However, the current interest of the local people that week concerned SOCCER. When Portugal triumphed over the Netherlands, there was an all-night celebration with beating drums, car horns, shouts and screams. Since then Portugal has upset England, then lost to Germany in the semifinals.

A change in tempo was provided the next day. As we were enjoying, "high tea" at Lord Byron's old hotel where he composed beautiful poetry inspired by pastoral scenery, Hugh Olds, a fellow traveler suggested that he sing Handel, "Wherever You Walk" from the opera *Semele*. Carol had told him that we were celebrating our 58th wedding anniversary, and indeed it was a delightful honor. His baritone voice did justice to that very special aria.

A final image was of Nancy scrunched down in the narrow aisle of the 747 Lufthansa struggling to help Walter change from his slippers to his shoes. "Tie them tighter please." "OK dad."



We bade a fond farewell at Dulles Airport to Carol and Nancy. While riding in our van to Broadmead, our friends John and Sue Weisman were singing praises of our daughters. "Their exuberance and spontaneity were certainly a youthful contribu-

tion". "Yes indeed", we agreed and here is a salute to Carol and Nancy, for their love and help.

P. S. My mother, Caroline Ellicott Boyce, was a passenger aboard the Portuguese ship Santa Maria on January 22nd, 1961 when it was hijacked by pirate Galvao. Mother was returning from Madeira. Galvao planned to overthrow the dictatorship of Salazar. Mother, the lone American on board, was held captive for many days before disembarking at Recife, Brazil on February 3. Forty-four days and 15,000 circuitous miles after leaving Lisbon, mother was home safely in Monkton. In the 1970s, following a revolution, Portugal became a Democracy.

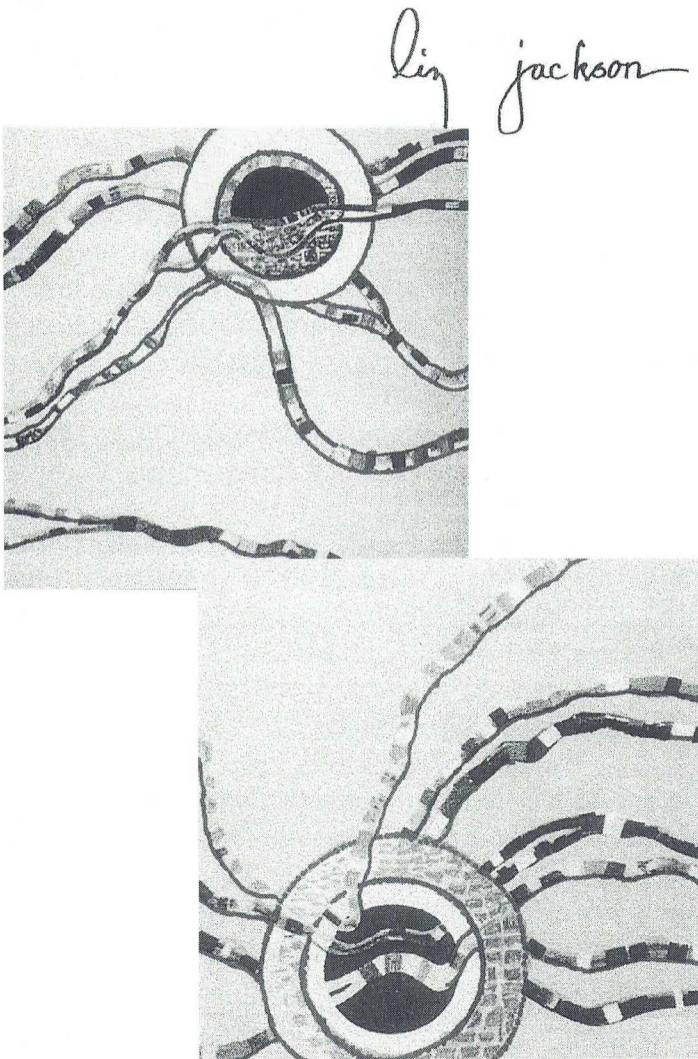
"MUSIC OF THE SPHERES"

(Variations on a theme)

These new acrylic paintings were inspired by the writings on theoretical chemistry and physics in the book, *Symphony of Life* by Donald Hatch Andrews. He tells the reader, "... reality lies not in the tangible, but in the intangible, in the unseen and the unheard.

... if you listen to the atomic music in the artist's brain before a form takes shape you would perceive a cerebral symphony."

My work represents fragments of a vast visual "score" showing notations of such things as charged particles or spheres of radiant energy moving in timed waves through multidimensional space. These paintings make visible the unheard fragments of melodies and harmonies in our environment. What we might hear then would be a complex unity of sound waves from the smallest particles to the largest if we believe matter is music.



Bible Study

*The Reverend Patricia Drost,
Rector of Immanuel Episcopal Church*

In December 1945, an Arab farmer made an astonishing archeological discovery in Southern Egypt—a jar containing a number of manuscripts that would come to be called the "Nag Hammadi" documents or Gnostic texts. Most came to be sold through antiquities dealers in Cairo and ended up being deposited by the government in the Coptic Museum in Cairo. The documents contained a "Secret" Gospel of Thomas, a Gospel of Philip, and a Gospel of Mary Magdalene, among many others. The texts found at Nag Hammadi had circulated at the beginning of the Christian era, but had been denounced as heresy by orthodox Christians in the middle of the second century. Due to a number of political factors, even after their discovery in 1945, English translations of these texts were not published till the 1970's. Our class will ask . what these Gnostic texts tell us about the origins of Christianity, and how Gnostic forms of Christianity relate to what we now refer to as orthodox Christianity. Subjects explored will include the interpretation of Christ's resurrection in traditions, how orthodoxy shaped a hierarchical church structure having a single head, Gnostic acceptance of the feminine aspects of God, and how one may truly gain knowledge of God in the Gnostic tradition. All are welcome to attend.

Classes will run for four months (September to December), every second Thursday, from 10 am to 12 noon.

Charlotte Hurtt

Charlotte Hurtt of Cockeysville, recently was awarded The National Community Service Award by The Daughters of The American Revolution for her more than 10,000 volunteer hours at GBMC. A volunteer with the hospital's gift shop, Hurtt began her service at GBMC in 1977. She has served on the GBMC's volunteer auxiliary board for many years. The retired school principal and administrator turns 88 on July 4th.

From *The Examiner*, June 13th

A VISIT TO ANOTHER CCRC

Text and photos by Dick Hutzler

As many know, our Voice is one of a number of CCRC newsletters that get widely circulated among fellow communities. This, of course, provides many benefits, among them both a sense of fellowship and a fertile exchange of ideas. But one especially fine and wholly unexpected benefit came to Fran Beasley (my boss-lady here) and me in the form of an invitation to be the guests of one D. Ellen ("Ellie") Stimmler, Editor of the *Medford Leas LIFE*, the similar publication of the Medford Leas community in New Jersey. Ellie had written Fran some delightfully complimentary letters about our work here and wondered if we'd like to come observe how *they* do *their* work.

Well, of course! So off went the two of us on August 7th for a most interesting overnight. We arrived in time for lunch, which Ellie provided - deliciously - from her own kitchen. Fran's quarters were the second bedroom in Ellie's apartment and mine were a very comfortable guest room with bath in the main building complex. After lunch Ellie gave us a tour of the place.

And what a place it is! Medford Leas is located not very far from Philadelphia in pleasant forested New Jersey countryside. Both in area and population it is about twice the size of Broadmead, and it is some nine years older. It, too, is of Quaker origin, and of course provides comprehensive health care. Its extensive campus comprises, among other

things, tennis courts, a large residents' planting area, a canoe landing on a river that runs through the property (!) and a "pinetum" (pronounced pie-NEAT-em), which is a sizeable area that contains a substantial variety of specimen conifer trees. In fact, Medford Leas is situated in a forest preserve, and it goes without saying that the community is quite ecologically and environmentally considerate. For example, virtually every tree on the place is labeled!

Before dinner - which was in the main dining



Medford Leas LIFE staff at work



Entry to the Pinetum

room (and Medford Leas has not two but three different eating venues) - Ellie served drinks and hors d'oeuvres for us, two other couples, and her predecessor as editor. We found the food and service - and of course the company - excellent. All in all a delightful day!

In the morning, after a breakfast of blueberry pancakes, again provided by Ellie, we got down to the business at hand by attending a meeting of the staff of *Medford Leas LIFE* while they jointly examined, discussed, and amended one article for the paper after another. That of course, is quite different from our own *modus operandi*, but the eight people involved seemed to work excellently together, and they turn out a fine product.

The final phase of the visit was lunch at the home of a lady - and her significant other - whom Fran had known many years ago when Fran was in her teens and the lady was then about eleven. As they hadn't been together in the interim, they had a lot of catching-up to do. But that is Fran's story, so I'll leave it for her to perhaps tell at another time.

Yes! It was an excellent, worth-while trip!

ONE WEEK IN BERLIN

By Sibylle Erlich

ON SEPTEMBER 6, 2001 my daughter Marion and I flew to Berlin for the opening of the Jewish Museum. Two years earlier I had donated to the museum many letters, documents, photos and objects which I felt were of historical value. My husband, a holocaust survivor, had lived "underground" in Berlin after his family members had been deported to Auschwitz. Of particular interest to the museum was a leather briefcase which he took with him as he crawled across the Swiss border at night. In it he had taken - among other things - a poetry book belonging to his mother, her silk scarf and a place setting of the family silver. Before the museum's opening, their newsletter had already published an article about the briefcase.

September 10th was the opening for donors and lenders. The long lines moved slowly since every visitor had to go through a metal detector. Outside were police and a tank. (All Jewish buildings in Germany are guarded.) We were anxious to see how the angular, unconventional architecture of the building would lend itself to exhibitions depicting and explaining the history of Jews in Germany. The building is defined by three axes: one, the main axis, houses the displays; another leads to the "Garden of Exile" which is disorienting and frightening as one does indeed feel in a strange, foreign environment; and the third is a dead end leading to the building's black, empty Holocaust Tower. Since the museum focuses on Jewish history and contributions, the Holocaust is not portrayed; instead dark, vacant areas, called "Voids" symbolize that which is absent in Germany.

We rushed through the exhibits depicting Jews in the Middle Ages, the Enlightenment, (with an interesting exhibit of the Mendelssohn family) through the time of their emancipation and assimilation, to the Nazi Era, where among a display of Jewish schools and school children we saw a large photo of Gerd's, (my husband's) sister on the wall. Not far from it, in an angular space, we found indeed the now famous briefcase with its original content. (We also saw later that the briefcase was used in most of the brochures of the museum.)

After a reception for the donors and speeches by the mayor of Berlin and the museum's director, we returned to the exhibits to try to do justice to the

many exhibitions portraying Jewish life. The ongoing story of anti-Semitism tells of the dangers of bigotry and intolerance, reaching its climax with the Holocaust. With this in mind, the Museum is also a center for learning for both young and old. We returned to our hotel moved by what we had seen but with hope for the future.

The following day was September 11th.

A New Book from Bill Duff: *Genesis: a Fresh Look at an Ancient Book*

has just been published and will be up for discussion-with the author

Tuesday afternoons 1:30 pm in the fireplace room on the lower level.

September 5th: The Beginnings of Human Society (Reread Genesis 1-11)

October 3rd: The Story of Abraham
(Reread Genesis 12-26)

November 7th The Story of Jacob and His Sons (Vote in the morning!
Reread Genesis 25-35)

December 5th: The Story of Joseph
(Reread Genesis 37-50)

Randy McKechnie is the facilitator. Copies of the book can be had from him, (410-771-6688), and will be available for ever-so-modest a fee.

ADVENTURES IN LEARNING

will launch the season with three lectures, on **October 4th, 11th and 18th**, followed by a bus trip on **October 25th**, organized by Charlie Duff, president of Jubilee Baltimore, to tell us about the recent developments in Baltimore. Our speakers will address the exciting new renovations in both the west and east sides of our city and also southeast Baltimore.

Join us for an opportunity to learn more about these new developments in our city.

Mary Jo Campbell

OPEN FORUM TALK ON SATELLITES

By Sally Bloomer

Thursday evening May 4th Dr. Robert Peters, son of Ruth Bronstein gave a very informative talk on weather satellites and how they provide marvelously detailed data which makes accurate weather forecasting possible. Dr Peters is from Stellar Satellites which does work for NASA. The satellites themselves are intricately designed and engineered packages of electronic and sensory equipment which are put into orbit by a three-stage rocket. Two such satellites are placed in geocentric orbit 22,300 miles over the equator in positions which allow them to "see" the United States, much of Canada, all of South America and most of the Pacific Ocean. Because the earth rotates on its axis every 24 hours satellites seem to be hovering over the same spot on earth.

They are designed to sense cloud cover, air temperature at many different altitudes, and the solar space environment. This information is transmitted to earth for interpretation by weather forecasters. It is interesting to note that the satellites themselves must be oriented in a very precise position. The extra mass of the Himalaya Mountains causes sufficient gravitational attraction to pull it out of position unless compensated for. Also, the vehicle must be controlled to keep the solar panels aimed toward the sun while the radio antenna must always point toward the earth - not an easy task.

There are 2,200 collection platforms dedicated to collecting and transmitting data. These platforms consist mainly of drifting and moored buoys. The data is relayed to Suitland, MD, from Wallops Island, VA, where the command and data station is located. This is done in "real time," which means data is collected and relayed to the ground as soon as it occurs. A satellite such as this costs approximately nine hundred million dollars, including the cost of launch. That's a very substantial sum, but when you consider that nearly everything on earth is affected by the weather, it may be money well spent. That assumes that weather forecasters do their job of interpreting the data correctly (which they do quite well) and that government officials react promptly and correctly when emergencies are expected. A resident asked, "Why was Katrina such a disaster when the GOES program of satellites provided so much information?" Dr. Peters answered, "Satellites can only predict; they cannot alter". When the government is given the information, they must have adequate infrastructure and the will to act. Want to know more?! click on <http://www.ngdc.noaa.govt>.

CHERNOBYL'S NUCLEAR LEGACY AT TWENTY

By Gretel D. Weiss

The Open Forum's speaker on June 7, 2006 was Kenneth Strubler, a radiological physicist who is Director of Medical Physics and the Radiation Safety Officer at GBMC. Mr. Strubler gave us much information on radiation, its history, its nature and its uses, but the main purpose of his talk was to evaluate the health effects and the consequences of the nuclear accident at Chernobyl twenty years after it occurred.

In April 2006 Mr. Strubler was a participant at a symposium of the Radiology National Council on Radiation and Protection in cooperation with many United Nations organizations. The purpose of the Symposium was the assessment of Chernobyl at its twentieth anniversary. Participants were one hundred scientists from twelve countries. What went wrong at Chernobyl? According to Mr. Strubler both the design of the facility and human factors played a part. Russian reactors are not like the reactors in the United States and in other European countries; they are very unstable at low power. The Soviet Union was very slow to acknowledge the disaster, not until some fall-out was reported from Sweden. It then responded by evacuating 116,000 people and creating a 30 km (18 mile) exclusionary zone. It took nine days to extinguish the fire. The exclusionary zone will remain in effect for a number of decades.

Mr. Strubler provided much detail with maps showing the distribution of the most heavily contaminated areas. There were twenty-nine immediate deaths from high doses of radiation and from burns. 203 were hospitalized. It is estimated that the evacuees were exposed to 12 rem of radiation, which is considered a relatively low dose. Among the evacuees 17,000 died from cancer. Sixteen thousand would normally have died from cancers which would have had nothing to do with Chernobyl. There were four thousand cases of thyroid cancer in children, but young children are more susceptible to thyroid cancer, and even low doses of radiation pose a risk. If the Soviet Union had issued a warning not to drink the milk or to eat the vegetables grown in the contaminated soil, it would have had an effect on the thyroid cancers. The major impact was on the terrestrial ecosystem because of contamination of food sources. At the same time the exclusionary zone saw an astounding increase in bio diversity.

Mr. Strubler voiced some caution. There is little modern and adequate healthcare in the region; there are no medical data to establish a baseline and

no data on pre-existing conditions; and the area had previously been an iodine poor area.

The scientists concluded that after twenty years no further remediation is required. Can it happen here? The answer is definitely NO. Design of reactors in the former Soviet Union is completely different from those in the United States and in the rest of Europe. In conclusion, the findings of the Symposium differed from what most people had believed about the effects of a nuclear accident. This discrepancy did not surprise Mr. Strubler; he called it the population's "paralyzing fatalism," which overestimates the relatively modest effects of a nuclear accident from a physical point of view but not from an emotional point of view.

MYTHS AND MIRACLES FROM THE KING YEARS

By: Kitty Stierhoff

Thanks to Chester Wickwire we had the privilege of hearing Taylor Branch speak at our final Open Forum program for 2005-06. Taylor Branch, recipient of the Pulitzer Prize in History is the author of a trilogy on civil rights: *Parting the Waters*, *Pillar of Fire* and his most recent book, *At Canaan's Edge*. This three-volume work is a product of twenty-four years of archival research and collection of oral history. It has been widely acclaimed as a definitive chronicle of the civil rights movement and biography of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

The defining moment for Mr. Branch was seeing little eight year old girls facing vicious dogs and fire hoses. This was also a turning point for Martin Luther King, Jr. King went into the segregated city of Birmingham to train people in non-violence, recruit jail volunteers and plan a whole movement. It utterly failed; people lost their jobs and King and sixteen others were jailed. King planned to withdraw from Birmingham until aides said that there were college and high school students and even young children ready to do whatever was necessary. Next, a thousand were jailed, then came the fire hoses and dogs and each day the movement spread.

Mr. Branch felt he needed to get involved and took a job registering voters in twenty tiny counties in SW Georgia. He was thrown out of most places and even arrested for being on the wrong side of town. He interviewed an old woman whose responses in a few disjointed sentences taught him what was real and fearful in a county where the vote was a matter of life and death. He wrote down everything he heard and experienced that summer and

was launched on a career as a writer.

Out of his summer's work grew his belief that in race relations, and in every other place in human nature where we are culturally divided, we learn not by abstract lessons but by things that are so human that we forget abstract lessons and discover a human surprise that makes us think. He stated that you don't make real discovery unless you are surprised by the humanity of somebody across the lines that divide us. In his writing his one rule is to do story telling and resist myth and distortion.

His books are full of stories and characters, - not just King, who was a great spokesperson, but who didn't make the movement; the movement made him. It was the people, acting on the democratic theory that citizens are responsible for the government and the first rule is to act like it. That is what the black kids did. It was sixteen to twenty year olds who formulated the Selma Voting Rights movement - written the night of the Birmingham Church bombing - a plan to shut down Alabama until blacks got the vote.

We now have contrary myths on race - from nothing has changed - to there is no racism now. Between them are the miracles. King said that literal terror would vanish - it has. Southerners said it would take a totalitarian system to force integration but the fear has gone and there is no totalitarian government. Dr. King said that integration would liberate the white south. That has happened. With the stigma of segregation removed to allow international business and sport teams, the south is now a productive region. The movement continued to spread non-violently in many directions, including the liberating of women. Much is now taken for granted. But there is still a capacity for people to come together through government to make a difference.

Napping Time

By Lucille Brandt

Who's the sleepy drowsy lass
At the Stretch and Strengthen class?
In her chair she takes a nap.
Will she wake up at a snap?

Should the teacher come her way
Tap her shoulder, softly say,
"This is not the time to rest.
Fill your lungs, expand your chest.

Rise up on your tippy toes
Breathe in deeply, through your nose.
Move your body, strong and free."
Who's the sleepy lass? It's me!



BROADMEAD WELCOMES

by Betsy Griffin

Florence (Whittington) Platt (Mrs. Robert)

E-10 410-785-2797 May 2006

Fleecie is a Baltimorean and a graduate of Friends School and Pembroke College at Brown University. Her late husband was merchandizing manager of our beloved Hutzler's department store so Fleecie has remained in Baltimore and raised her 3 children here. Sadly she recently lost a daughter but another lives in southern Maryland and a son lives in Maine. She has 4 granddaughters. She taught school briefly but her real interests have been in free-lance art, pottery, and sculpture. She has volunteered at the Baltimore Museum of Art and the Walter's Art Museum and worked with Head Start. She enjoys bridge, flower arranging, all nature and birds and our exercise classes.

Richard & Frances (Hussey) Alden

K-11 410-329-9899 July 2006

Frances is a N.C. native and Richard from Illinois. They met during WWII when she was a student at the University of North Carolina Women's College in Greensboro and he was in the U.S. Air-Corps. His business (sales of product components) brought them to Baltimore where they have lived in Hampton for some 40 years. Frances served for 15 years as Director of the Church of the Good Shepherd pre-school and another 15 years as a teacher of psychology and Early Child Education at Villa Julie College. She then developed a home-based business preparing and delivering gourmet food baskets to corporations. The Alden's have 2 daughters, 1 grand daughter and the prospect of a great grandchild. Their interests have included world wide travel, art classes, woodworking and golf..

Malcolm Sherman

K-12 410-785-7127 July 2006

Malcolm was born in Philadelphia and at the age of 5, with the early death of his father, was sent with his sister to school in Switzerland for 5 years. They returned to New York City where he attended the Horace Mann School followed by enrollment at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

WWII interrupted his education when, two days after war was declared, he enlisted in the Marine Corps and was sent to Guadalcanal. While serving with the Marines he was instrumental in helping to develop The United Nations Veterans League, a group dedicated to work for world peace. He also was married while a Marine and had a long happy 62 year marriage until the death of his wife, a Baltimore native, in 2005. After leaving the service they spent 2 years in San Francisco in the wine business before returning to Baltimore where he operated his own Real Estate business for 17 years. The Shermans had 3 children, a son who sadly died at 24 and 2 daughters, one of whom is a PhD gerontologist, and the other in the State Department with the rank of ambassador who traveled with Madeline Albright. Mac was active with Chester Wickwire in the Civil Rights Movement and is proud to be on Nixon's enemy list with Baltimore's Jim Rouse. He has served as the President of the Real Estate Board of Greater Baltimore and the Maryland State Realtors Association. His interests at Broadmead will include the Writers' and Poetry Groups, water aerobics, and Play Readers.

Mary Frances Wagley (Mrs. Phillip)

K-6 410-527-9899 June 2006

Mary Frances was born in New York City and raised in White Plains, N.Y. She attended the Rye Country Day School and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology majoring in chemistry before earning a doctorate at Oxford University. She taught at Smith College before her marriage in 1953 to Dr. Phillip Wagley a Johns Hopkins internist. She also worked at Hopkins Hospital and taught at Goucher College before becoming a homemaker for 6 years while raising her 3 children. She has a daughter living in California, another in Rhode Island, and a son in Texas. She served as Head Mistress at St. Paul's School for Girls for 12 years and then became the Executive Director of the Episcopal Social Ministries. She also served as the first woman president of the M.I.T. Alumnae Association. Her many interests include attending The Hopkins Evergreen Programs, traveling, gardening and birds.

Sara (Onsel) Leizear (Mrs. Thomas)

F-1 410-584-8281 May 2006

Sara was born and raised in rural Ohio and is a graduate of Bowling Green State University. She married a medical student she met at college and

traveled about the country during his residencies. They had 4 children and were divorced when the children were teenagers. Sara spent 3-4 years in California with one daughter but returned to the east as grandchildren were born. One son is an engineer in L.A.; a daughter lives in San Francisco, another son in Seattle and another in this area. Sara has 7 grandchildren. She and her present husband, a patient on Hallowell, have been active in The Church of the Redeemer and her interests include music, piano and voice and volunteering here at Broadmead.

Ruth (Gross) Sutherland

S-302 410-785-0689 July 2006

Ruth is a Harford County native and a graduate of Towson University. She taught in elementary schools, second to sixth grade, for 30 years in Harford County. She and her late husband, also a Harford County educator and Quaker, compiled a history of Little Falls Meeting House. She has a son living in Michigan and two grandchildren in New Jersey and Michigan. Ruth is a talented needle worker as evidenced in numerous works hanging on the walls of her Stony Run apartment. Because of failing eye sight she is unable to continue her needlework but expresses interest in French T.V. films, music, patio plantings and warm water exercise.

Laura (Present) Waschler (Mrs. Albert)

J-1 410-785-2574 May 2006

Laura was born and raised in Kingston, N.Y. and moved to Bel Air, MD. after her marriage to a chemist who worked at Edgewood Arsenal. She attended Harford County Community College prior to the birth of her 3 children and then became a homemaker until the early death of her husband. She then lived in Ft Lauderdale, FL for 20 years, working as a secretary, medical assistant, substitute teacher, and sales person for Avon and World Book. One of her sons is an accountant in Phoenix, AZ, and the other son and daughter are both ophthalmologists, one in Baltimore and the other in Richmond, Va. She has 7 grandchildren and one great granddaughter.

Mary (Harris) Waterbury (Mrs. Bayard)

R-15 410-785-6061 June 2006

Mary is a native Pennsylvanian, having grown up in suburban Philadelphia - Chestnut Hill. She attended Smith College before her marriage and the birth of her 4 children, when she became a home-

maker and volunteer at the Union Memorial and Johns Hopkins hospitals and later worked in real estate. She has 8 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren all of whom live in this area, thus providing Mary's main interests and much of her time. She has, however, been active at St. David's Church and the Nearly New Sale, and she enjoys golf and music.

Richard and Florence (Rice) Dunlop L-6

410-785-1923 Mar '06

Both the Dunlops are native Baltimoreans and graduates of Western Maryland College (now McDaniel). Flo then earned two Master's degrees at Loyola University in Special Education and Family Counseling and began a career as a Child and Adolescent Family Therapist with offices in Glen Burnie and west Baltimore where she continues to be active. Dick's career has been in lighting design particularly in worship places. They have four children and six grandchildren living in Virginia and Maryland. Their interests include writing poetry, baking, gardening, reading, photography, bird watching and singing. The Dunlops' youngest daughter, after a visit to Broadmead before her parents had moved remarked, "This place is so small and friendly I wish I was 65!"

DAY'S WORK

By Colin MacLachlan

Marshall Roane of the Maintenance Department had no intention of becoming a hero. He was just doing his job when Dame Fortune put him in the way of rescuing a damsel in distress - or at least rescue her specs. It started out quite innocently. The lady in question in rounding her bed cracked her shin on a bed post. From the gash that resulted she bled as she put it, "like a stuck pig." sending her scurrying to the bathroom for tissue to blot up the blood - tissue that she flushed down the john - along with her glasses! Blind and bleeding she put in a call for help. Marshall came to the rescue. When ordinary procedures failed to produce the spectacles Marshall completely disassembled the toilet, uncovering the glasses and making one more lady thankful for men of resource, - real life heroes.



BROADMEAD MOVIES

Tuesday Movies by
Gretel & Leo Weiss
Saturday Movies by
Jeanne Stephenson &
Betty Douglas

September 2 **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**
1951 85 minutes PG

An odd inventor discovers a dirt-resistant fabric that never wrinkles, or stains, or wears out. Textile owners and workers try to squelch the formula. Sir Alec Guinness, John Greenwood, Vida Hope

September 5 **THE PRIZE WINNER OF
DEFIANCE OHIO**
2005 100 minutes PG 13

Based on a true story of a housewife who raises ten kids and whose family could not make ends meet. She finds her way to the popular jingle contest of the 1950's and 60's and with remarkable resourcefulness and uncommon wit succeeds in keeping the family solvent.

September 12 **PROOF**
2005 99 minutes PG 13

Haunted by her father's past and her own future, Gwyneth Paltrow has devoted years to taking care of her brilliant, but unstable father (Anthony Hopkins), a mathematical genius. When his genius slips away he leaves behind a mystery that affects her life and her own sanity. With Jake Gyllenhaal. Based on a Pulitzer Prize play.

September 16 **MEMOIRS OF A GEISHA**
2005 145 minutes PG 13

A man has been watching this particular geisha since she was a little girl. At last he marries her, but she says, "Yes, I am married but I am not a regular wife; you see, I am a geisha." Ziyi Zhang. Ken Watanabe, Michelle Yech, Gong Li.

September 19 **SHOP GIRL**
1940 100 minutes NR

A disarmingly funny love story. An aspiring artist working behind the glove counter at a Beverley Hills department store meets two different men. It is filled with mixed signals and missteps of a modern romance. A fresh and witty, warm romantic comedy.

September 26
2005

106 minutes

CRASH
R

Winner of the Oscar 2005. A portrayal of the various conflicts in Los Angeles and their many-sided aspects.

SATURDAY PROGRAMS

In the auditorium at 7:00 pm
By Margaret Proctor

*

September 9th

"THE GREAT YUNNAN RIVER EXPEDITION"

Narrated by Ed Norton
White water rafting in China

*

September 23rd

"PONT du GARD" THE AQUEDUCT

Bob Scheflow

The structure and its beauty

*

September 30th

"ANDREW CARNEGIE"

As introduced by our own
Rev. Dr. George Gray Toole

*

Y'ALL COME!

The Country Store

By Lucille Brandt

Welcome to the Country Store.
I should have thought of you before.
You serve us well with goods galore.
Your shelves are stocked with more and more.

You welcome us with open arms.
You dazzle us with all your charms.
Your gentle manner soothes and calms.
Our money drops on willing palms.

Each salesman greets us with a smile.
We are induced to stay awhile,
To bask in simple country style.
It isn't Wegman's, by a mile.

OPEN FORUM

By Sonia Blumenthal

Thursday September 7th at 7:00 pm

PANDEMIC AND AVIAN FLU: WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU

Jonathan Links, Ph.D.

Professor of Environmental Health Sciences,
The Johns Hopkins School of Public Health

Thursday, September 28th at 7:00 pm

FOREIGN OWNERSHIP OF AMERICAN ASSETS STATUS REPORT AND SPECULATION; GOOD OR BAD FOR US AND OUR GRANDCHILDREN?

Gary Clyde Hufbauer, Ph.D.

Reginald Jones Senior Fellow,
Institute for International Economics,
Washington, D.C.

In the Auditorium



LET'S DANCE

By Ted Wilson

**with the
George Hipp Trio**

Everyone welcome to dance
or just enjoy the music.

Monday, September 11th at 7:00pm

In the lounge

SQUARE DANCE

By Harry Butcher

Friday September 29th
The Lounge, 7 pm to 9 pm

Gene Fitta

Professional "Caller"

Come to dance,
watch, or listen.

All are welcome

MUSIC EVENTS

By Phil Schnering

Thursday
September 15th at 7:00 pm

LET'S SING

With Herb Merrick at the piano

All welcome

In the Auditorium

OPERA

By Harry Blumenthal

Video Opera

Friday September 15th 7 pm the Auditorium

"NORMA"

Opera in two acts by
Vincenzo Bellini

A story from ancient Gaul,
under Roman occupation

** Starring Joan Sutherland*

Australian Opera in the Sidney Opera House



BOOK DISCUSSION GROUP

By Nancy Starnes

Monday, September 4th at 10:30 am
In the Auditorium

MY ANTONIA

By Willa Cather

The discussion will be led by
The Reverend Dr. George Gray Toole
Retired Pastor of the
Towson Presbyterian Church

WEDNESDAY WORSHIP AT BROADMEAD

**1st Wednesday every month at 10:30 am
EPISCOPAL COMMUNION**

Taylor East Lounge - 3rd floor

Sponsored by Sherwood Episcopal Church
York Road, Cockeysville

**2nd Wednesday every month at 10:00 am
CATHOLIC MASS**

Taylor East Lounge - 3rd floor

Sponsored by the Catholic Community of
St. Francis Xavier, Cuba Road, Hunt Valley

**3rd Wednesday every month at 10:30 am
PRESBYTERIAN COMMUNION**

Stony Run Activities Room - 3rd floor

Sponsored by Ashland Presbyterian Church
Ashland Road, Cockeysville

VESPERS

By Pat Underwood

Sunday in the Lounge
September 17th at 4:30 pm

The Reverend William G. Brown
Epworth United Methodist Church
Cockeysville

A Perfect Twig

By Donna Smith

A slender twig extends from the maple tree.
The hummingbird perches,
Preens her feathers,
Surveys her territory.

Bends to the left,
Bends to the right,
Fluffs wings and tail,
Abruptly flies down to chase an interloper
Or sip the syrup from the feeder.

Tree tender -
Don't prune the twig on an imperfect tree -
The twig is perfect for the hummer.

How Many Men Would it Take?

By Ruth S. Williams

There once was a Chipmunk named Jake
Who dashed through an apartment door,
And that was a huge mistake,
For he caused a mighty uproar.

Under the chairs, over the table,
The chipmunk lead a merry chase
'Til the resident was unable
To keep up the hectic pace.

"Get out, get out!" the tired man said,
As he rested from the fray.
Then the rodent dashed under the bed,
And there he decided to stay.

"Help! Help!" cried the stressed out chap,
As he called the emergency man
Who came with a large mousetrap
And peanut butter in a can.

After the mousetrap was set
And baited with the sticky treat,
It was placed in the kitchenette
And they waited for Jake to eat.

But that chipmunk was too smart.
He just stayed under the bed
Waiting for a chance to depart
And return to his nest in the shed.

Then the resident made a call
To request two more strong men.
That was the chipmunk's downfall,
The beginning of the end.

Round and round the three men ran
'Til poor Jake's little feet were sore.
Then they caught him in a saucepan
And dumped him out the door.

So if it took three strong men
To catch a little chipmunk,
How many men would it take
To catch a big smelly skunk?

HITHER, THITHER AND YAWN

By Foxy Georgia

Here comes something to really make you smile. T'other night at the MDR, Margaret Proctor produced a rhyming couplet., composed many years ago for which she has been at loss for the last two lines:

The Capon is a eunuch bird,
Its mating call is never heard,
Lo and behold! Colin Maclachlan added,
Its mating act is never seen,
because, of course, its never been.

"Like Wow!! Ogden Nash is turning over in his grave!! But wait, Mary Frances Wagley, so very new to the rigors of a typical Broadmead dinner chatter, came forth with her version. Are you ready??"

The Capon is a eunuch bird,
it's mating call I've never heard,
but chances are it sounds forlorn,
much like the neighing of a unicorn!!!
More than splendid, just spectacular!!

Gretel Weiss and Chester Wickwire hit the jack pot when they produced Taylor Branch, author of the Martin Luther King best seller...a record turn out for this Open Forum program..

Betcha Gladys deGraffenreidt has something NOBODY else has.. Answer at the bottom of the page. .no peekin', Hon..

Bob Davies is not talking to himself... he's chatting with his new robotic car who yaks right back at him...nags him when he makes the wrong turn...acts just like a wife!!

Medical flash.. people who talk a lot, work wax outta their ears...taint so, Ducky, it's the Brit accent that empties the Broadmead Bijou...

June meeting BRA Jane Earhart, pres. elect presided, as faithful and unflappable Bill Mottley called in sick and missed all the thanks and praise given to him by every one present.. Standing committees chairs were also thanked as they retired and a whole new gang have moved in.. consult the bulletin board for particulars., you know how I am on names.. Broadmead's best quickie librarian, Harry Jones is giving up the paper back room, and we hear it will take 3 people to replace him..

Wandering thro Hallowell, heard a singing group doing the Star Spangled Banner. Nancy Rowe, Marge Rathsam, Mel Spragins, Barbara Hudson, Carolyn Buck, Dotty Benbow., Carol Donker-voet and Thelma Goudy were letting the good times roll!! Sounded great you guys...proud of ya !!!

Talley ho! that ole debble fox ran across the fire lane heading for M Cluster! Get out your pink

coats and saddle up. Cross country rides are fun and this is a change from the same old deer....life in the country has its charms. . . . What?

Yum yum dept - Kitty Stierhoff, next time your food committee meets here's a request lotsa folks would like to have those wonderful scones on the dinner menu. That greedy breakfast crowd eats them all up and never leaves any for the rest of us...see what you can do, dear girl.

Hey Bud, was that a fan letter or not? Chas Stieff was intrigued to learn about the Stieff piano you have up there in your nest in Baltimore County Historical Collection...but Lehman Guyton, our silhouette expert is curios about your silhouette of Martha and George Washington whatta treasure!!!

Hey there! Scribes! Let's try it.

Let's go on a paper diet.

Do we need multi-copies of our events?

Wasting paper makes no sense...

One major notice should be enough..

It's time to conserve, so let's get tough!!!!

Spied Jean Hastings, Claire Eckels, Lolly and Todd Burton, Ted Wilson, blithe Natalie Bellows and Phi Schnering wolfing down "Smoothies", that luscious concoction.. (heavy favorite was Berry Berry, expertly whipped up by Whitney Lieber) at the Wheels Aqua Seals blast... Marge Rathsam and George Brownell ordered theirs straight up. The hit of the day was the Massage Center. Found Dorothy Krug in a deeply relaxed mode, while Ginny Cooke, Fran Beasley and Rosa Hijikata waited their turn in the ME NEXT section

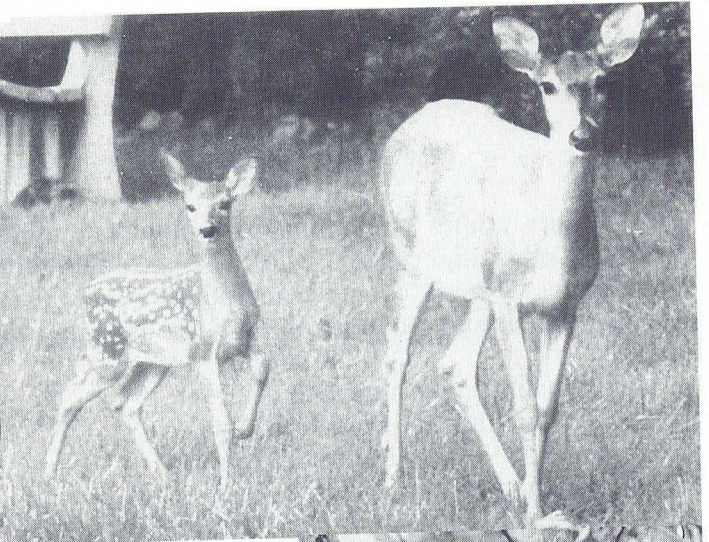
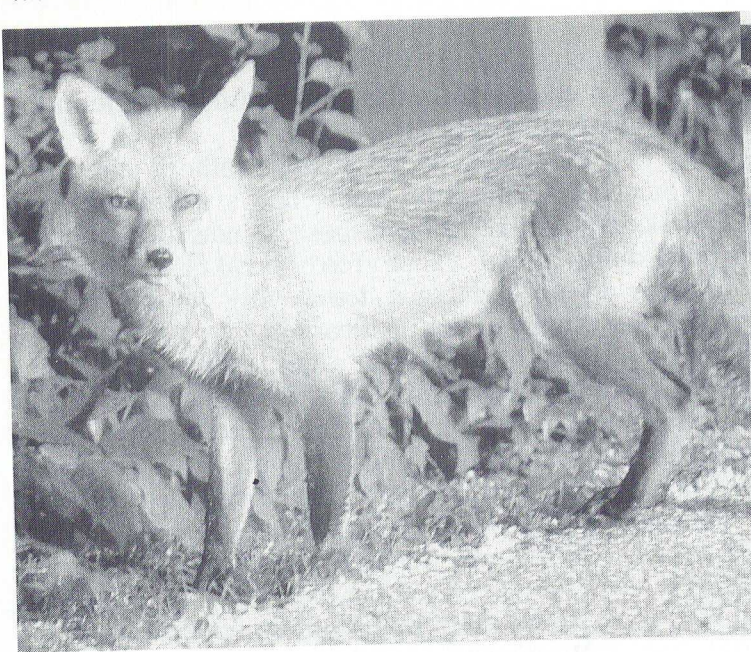
The mini-min barn sale brought out the shoppers en masse. Donna Smith and Bonnie Cox were at the helm, with Magda Reissig, hawking her pocketbooks. Janet Greenwald hustled up vols. to cover all needs...great job, Gal!!

Colin Maclachlan and Nancy Starnes produced two plays, starring two actors each. Does that add up to 6 for the play readers score? Walt Hudson and Margaret Proctor off and I do mean off on their wedding trip in Dorothy Parker's "Here We Are" followed by Dickens Warfield and Pat Underwood in an excerpt from Christopher Fry's "A Phoenix Too Frequent". Obies and Tonys to these guys...what fun!!...you were great!! Remember the show can't go on without a producer...howsa bout it? Step right up and sign up for an evening...please!!!

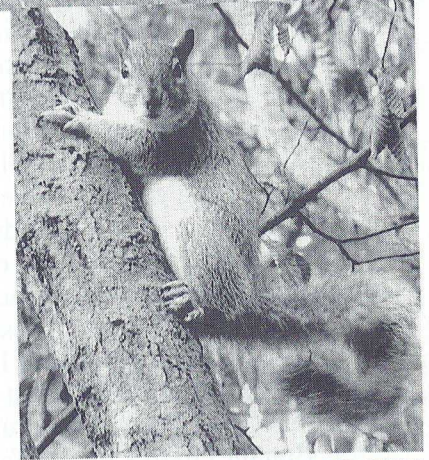
Jonas Rappeport really brought home a big one, a 26lb rock fish straight from the Bay. Lotsa lucky ones got generous chunks for their very own. That Jonas wields a mean rod and reel and chopping knife

Gee Whiz, how late it is... had nuff?

Nearly forgot the answer to the Gladys' quiz- (a mother -in-law).



Photos by
Sallie Rich



BROADMEAD WILDLIFE

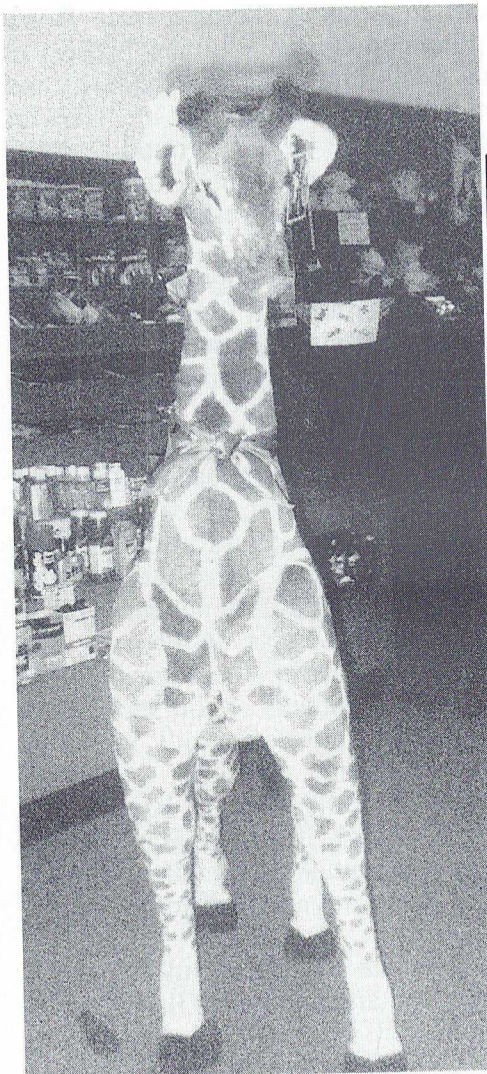


Photo by
Bob Davies



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